

The COMMONWEAL

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Post-War Aids

MANY MONTHS ago Congress provided for relief to American business if it should have some lean years after the war. This relief will be in the form of rebates of excess profits taxes paid during the war years. Thus if a large corporation shows a considerable drop in income during the years after the war, it will be entitled to get back from the Federal Treasury a proportionate amount of what it paid in excess profits tax, so as to strengthen its financial position during the reconversion period or during a post-war depression. In all it is estimated that the Treasury might have to pay back some 40 billion dollars to American corporate enterprise—assuming that conditions are such as to entitle all the businesses which will have paid excess profits tax to demand their return. Thus a very handsome cushion has been provided for our big companies.

What cushion shall we provide for the millions of workers and service men who will have to find other employment when the war is over? The so-called GI Bill of Rights includes the payment of certain lump sums to service men when they are discharged. The sums are relatively small and

will do little more than tide recipients over for a very brief interval. In addition to this there are the various state unemployment insurance funds upon which civilian workers can call if they find themselves out of jobs for any length of time when war production ceases. These unemployment insurance schemes are none of them very generous. They are all of limited duration—usually continuing for only a few weeks. The maximum amounts per week which can be paid by them are likewise limited. The highest maximum is that paid in the state of Connecticut—\$22 per week. Most of the states pay about \$15. And of course many workers will only receive a fraction of these weekly payments. What is more, these unemployment insurance systems do not apply to anyone employed by the Federal Government or to the Merchant Marine. For such persons, when they lose their jobs once the war is won, there at present exists no cushion whatever.

After the July political conventions Congress hastened back to Washington principally in order to consider bills intended to provide a cushion for our citizenry, to protect it against the shocks of reconversion to peacetime industry. In the Senate, as we have previously noted, two major schemes were debated. The George Bill, which passed that house, was the less generous of the two measures. It did, however, provide for extending to Federal employees, at the expense of the Federal Treasury, the benefits of the various state unemployment systems. This bill was justly criticized for its niggardly solution of the problem.

It seems difficult to believe that the House should then have passed a bill even less generous than the George Bill. And yet this is precisely what happened. In the House bill there is not even a provision for extending state unemployment benefits to Federal employees. Indeed if the House bill should become law, Americans would have to view the future with deep concern, for we would be almost certain of suffering a tremendous reduction of purchasing power, leading us straight to the spiral of a major economic depression, perhaps even more intense than the depression of the '30's. Of course there will now be conferences between the Senate and the House, seeking to work out a bill which will be acceptable to both. But it is hard to believe that the result will be any more generous than the George Bill; it is likely to provide even less.

The extraordinary thing to be noted about this whole development is the fact that organized labor in all its branches—CIO, AFL, Railroad Brotherhoods—fought as hard as it could against the measures passed in both houses. Once again we find that labor has lost its ability to bring pressure to bear on Congress. As we pointed out last week, the reason is simple. The Smith-Connolly Act, forbidding campaign contributions

by labor unions to candidates for Federal office, has undermined labor's power. Unless labor can somehow reestablish its power in politics, Federal legislation is going to be lopsided, and the country as well as labor will suffer.

Senator Norris

TOO OFTEN the term "liberal" in the mouths of politically-minded Americans connotes primarily certain negative or partisan manifestations. In the first instance it emphasizes lack of rigid principles, an eagerness to experiment and a strong sense of tolerance for the views of others. In the latter connotation the term forcibly links a man to such things as antifascism in general and in particular the New Deal, say, or the Civil Liberties Union or the Socialist Party.

The career of the late Senator Norris emphasizes a third facet of the widely used term, "liberal." George Norris was so passionately devoted to the needs of the American masses that he took the lead in all manner of positive, practical achievements for the common good. His activities went far beyond the sort of thing which is usually included in the field of legislation, although it was indeed he who drew up the Twentieth Amendment to the Constitution.

No doubt his greatest title to lasting renown is the Tennessee Valley Authority, which has not only enabled more than a million and a third people in seven states to rehabilitate their farms, their lives and their communities, but has demonstrated to the world that such methods are practicable and economically sound. Similar projects are being seriously proposed in places as far removed as the San Francisco Valley in Brazil and the Jordan Valley in Palestine. At present writing there is strong pressure in the West for a Missouri Valley Authority on the same plan. Mr. Norris himself was eager for an extension of the TVA, which was in fact a joint creation of his and President Roosevelt's, embodying many of the principles the Nebraska Senator had advocated for decades; he tried to get a Mississippi River Valley Authority set up and, when balked there, turned to the creation of eight separate authorities on the TVA model, which would provide the American people with publicly-generated electric power the country over.

In his 34 years in House and Senate George Norris was associated with the widest range of causes. He voted against war with Germany in 1917; opposed the League of Nations in 1919 and recanted in 1943; first favored and then finally opposed National Prohibition; although nominally Republican, supported Alfred E. Smith and Franklin D. Roosevelt for the Presidency; served on Oswald Garrison Villard's Committee of One Hundred which investigated and reported un-

favorably on Britain's rule in Ireland; was a life-long champion of farm relief and conservation of our national resources; secured the passage of an anti-injunction bill which protected strikers from unwarranted legal prosecution; and he fought vigorously for the abolition of the poll tax.

This is the record of a man whose impress on his country will long endure. His achievements unmistakably show what can happen when stanch liberal sympathies serve as wellsprings for constructive social action.

Commission on Food and Agriculture

THE State Department recently released to the press an item which has received far less public notice than its importance warrants. It has to do with the crystallization of plans long in preparation, the establishment of a Food and Agriculture Organization of the United Nations. Although this proposed agency would serve only in a fact-finding and advisory capacity, it is designed to present enough authoritative data to enable the respective governments to undertake individual and collective action in this essential field. The new body is to serve as an instrument of collaborative action in the collecting, analyzing and disseminating of the facts regarding nutrition, food and agriculture.

At the Hot Springs Conference of May, 1943, the agenda proposed by the United States was accepted by the delegates of the other United Nations. The discussion began with food consumption levels and requirements and went on to the methods of expanding production that would be in line with consumer needs. The third question on the agenda had to do with better methods of food distribution. The proposed organization is not to be confused with UNRRA, which is concerned with temporary relief. It is rather a permanent organization in which the nations which ratify will collaborate for their mutual well-being.

The Question We Asked

"AS A member of a committee engaged in the effort to protect as far as possible the cultural monuments of Europe from the hazards of war, I have some information on the amount of destruction that has already occurred in the fierce fighting in Sicily and South Italy. *It is remarkably small. . . .* Mr. Paulding fears that an 'advance to the Alps means the destruction of a thousand cities, towns and villages.' The result of the advance so far [to Naples] *does not imply so vast a devastation.*" (Professor C. R. Morey in a letter to THE COMMONWEAL, March 10, 1944. Italics mine, here and throughout.)

"The landscape between here [Rome] and Florence, while ravaged less than the region south

of Rome, tells the same grim story of the *unique extent of Italy's devastation*. This 'land of all men's past' is a fantastic battlefield from any viewpoint, military, historic and artistic, and not least because the peninsula is so densely populated and the towns planted so close together that destruction causes dispossession and social disintegration on an almost unmanageable scale." (Anne O'Hare McCormick in a dispatch to the *New York Times*, September 3, 1944.)

"But there has been and will be devastation, civilian casualties and ruin of buildings. Irreplaceable beauty will *here and there* be the victim of the progress of invasion." (Professor Morey, *loc. cit.*)

"*With these notable exceptions* [Perugia, Assisi, Orvieto, Siena "thanks to the restraint of the French general who commanded the siege," San Gimignano, "even" Arezzo] the road to Florence is a trail of destruction. Hardly one village has escaped serious damage from demolition and bombing. Some towns on the pitted highway between Siena and Florence have been utterly destroyed. There is less excuse for the ruin of Viterbo. The road outside the walls was a target, but this, ironically, was much less damaged than the city itself. . . . There is no space even to name the towns stretching like broken shells to the gates of Rome." (Anne O'Hare McCormick, *loc. cit.*)

"But if our hearts protest, our brains should not. . . . We have told our military leaders to defeat them [the Germans] in the best way they know. *The best way is the quickest*, in a global catastrophe such as this, and we art-historians, art lovers and Italophiles are short sighted if we argue for a slower one. If the quickest way in military judgment lies through Italy, it at least is not through France or Greece [well, at least, not through Greece] and we may remind ourselves that Italy is not the site of all the treasures of the past." (Professor Morey, *loc. cit.*)

"This is the part of Italy [between Rome and Florence] where the enemy made the quickest retreat, and no accounts published at the time prepared one for the panorama of destruction left in the wake of what was supposed to be a comparatively easy battle. . . . The journey was an illustration of a phenomenon which puzzles military observers here. [" . . . by the time you reached Rome it must have been clear to you that the Germans meant to fight a war in Italy and that if you persisted in your plan to advance northward you would destroy all that lay in your path. . . ."]—THE COMMONWEAL, February 18, 1944.] The battle of France is nearly over after two months' fighting wherein the Germans made no determined stand after Normandy and on the key roads to Paris. They have retreated all summer before the Russians and are in full flight in the Balkans. . . . Yet for fourteen months they

have fought stubbornly for every mile of Italian territory." (Anne O'Hare McCormick, *loc. cit.*)

"What created 'the assembled stones of Italy' is even more important than the stones themselves." (Professor Morey, *loc. cit.*)

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Professor Morey wrote his letter in answer to a deliberate proposal of the writer that the Italian campaign be stabilized before reaching Rome or at least at the height of Rome. Professor Morey appears to have been optimistic as to the extent of devastation involved, optimistic as to the Italian peninsula being the "quickest way," and this letter of his coming from an art-historian, an art-lover, an Italophile and a "member of a committee," subjected these personages and—it seemed to me—the committee, to a completely uncritical acceptance of whatever the Allied governments and generals were doing. He closed his letter as follows: "Nothing is so important as to win this war, and win it quickly, and no consideration or criticism has any point at present which is not aimed in that direction." Yet subordinated to this "nothing is so important" was the "even more important" of the sentence quoted just above the star: it was "even more important" to save "the freedom of thought, the dignity of the individual, the decencies of civilization, which the monuments of Italy commemorate and which inspired the hands and minds of her architects, sculptors, painters and poets. . . ." Everything is important, and these immaterial generalizations about dignity, decency and freedom are important, but the "hands and minds" are very important also, and so even are the stomachs of the architects, etc., and it is important also that the children who may become architects, etc., should be born with a reasonable chance of living.

We entered Rome on June 4, 1944. For July, in Rome, the infant mortality rate was 438 per 1000. "The figures [and those for tuberculosis, general mortality and for food] are so terrifying that they can be allowed to speak for themselves." (Herbert L. Matthews, *New York Times*, September 3.)

So that it is not only the "Clerical Monuments," the villages, the towns which are gone, but the time has come when both the heart and the mind wonder what we are accomplishing by this stubborn insistence on progress through the "heartbreaking" (Mr. Matthews) natural obstacles of the Italian peninsula. The time has come when we repeat unashamedly the question published in THE COMMONWEAL, February 18, 1944, the question which annoyed Professor Morey: "Where is the evidence that you questioned your governments, your generals, that you forced them to prove to you that there was no other road to Berlin?" C. G. PAULDING.

Stalin and the Junkers

The logic of the
new line-up

James Burnham

WALTHER VON SEYDLITZ is not a remarkable man. He has notable ancestors, among them the astonishing Friedrich Wilhelm von Seydlitz, who, as a cadet in 1750, trained to become one of the greatest cavalry generals of all time by riding his horse between the sails of windmills turning at full swing. But neither renowned ancestry nor present manner, neither precise training nor disciplined intellect are enough to distinguish him from a thousand others of his kind. As an individual, Seydlitz is not remarkable; but he belongs to a remarkable class, and is the product of a remarkable system. Seydlitz is a Junker, a Junker-general, the child of one of those ancient landlord-families which for centuries have been nourished, none too opulently, by the infertile and dreary acres of East Prussia, Brandenburg and Pomerania, and which have supplied the cold, permanent core of the Prussian and German armies. By what is mere chance, from Seydlitz's personal standpoint, he was selected to be, for a while, a key figure of world history.

It was the German Sixth Army that happened to be chosen for the attack on Stalingrad. By chance, at that time, Walther von Seydlitz was in command of the Eleventh Army Corps of the Sixth Army. By chance, he was not among those officers whom the General Staff decided to evacuate by plane as the Red Army trap closed around the isolated Volga salient. By chance, no fragment of the tens of thousands of tons of lead and steel found him as the trap shut closer. When the day came, the day that was the crisis and turning point of the Second World War, Seydlitz was alive and present to surrender—unconditionally—along with Marshal Friedrich von Paulus, his commander, and hundreds of his officer colleagues.

By a more important chance, Seydlitz was a pupil of von Seeckt, von Schleicher and von Fritsch, all dead by then, Schleicher in the Blood Purge of June, 1934, Fritsch by what everyone believed to be a Gestapo bullet during the brief Polish campaign of 1939, Seeckt by a preventive natural death in 1936. These teachers, who were all dead, had a common belief that they had taught their pupils: they wanted friendship, not war, with Russia. This belief was the axis of Seydlitz's long thoughts in the months after the

surrender at Stalingrad, and the background of his discussions with the Soviet generals and politicians, who were ready, as Russians almost always are, to talk for hour after hour. He was a trained and objective soldier. He knew that Germany had lost the war at Stalingrad. But to lose a war need not mean to lose all. Three ideals, inseparably linked in their traditions, guide the lives of Seydlitz's class: Reich, Reichswehr—and their own preservation. Could these be saved, even though the war was lost?

By July of last year, Seydlitz had made up his mind. In Moscow, on the twelfth and thirteenth of that month, twenty-four Germans met to form the Free Germany National Committee. A week later, the Committee issued to the world a manifesto which stated the conclusion and the perspective. Through the criminal folly of Hitler and his clique, "the war is already lost. But Germany must not die." The aim must be "to render harmless the enemies of the people—Hitler, his patrons and accomplices." "German soldiers and officers," the manifesto ended, "you possess arms—preserve them. Join those who fight Hitler and defend freedom and your fatherland." Seydlitz did not take part in the founding conference; but within a short time his name appeared, as a vice-chairman and chief spokesman.

On September 11 the logically supplementary step was taken. Ninety-four German officers, with Seydlitz as their president and three other generals among them, formed in Moscow the League of German Officers as an auxiliary of the Free Germany Committee.

The Free Germany Committee may very well decide the fate of the world.*

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The story, however, starts not last year but a long while ago.

In 1812, Prussia had been reduced to a dependency of the Napoleonic Empire. In Napoleon's disastrous war against Russia, Prussia's King and army were, as forced allies, fighting for the French. Some of the professional Junker offi-

*Ruth Fischer, in her monthly bulletin, *The Network*, has been the first to direct serious and public attention to the Free Germany Committee, and anyone now writing about the Committee is in her debt.

cers, however, were in the service of the Czar. In particular, an important Russian command was held by the Junker general, Count von Diebitsch, whom the Russians warmly called Ivan Ivanovich. The great Karl von Clausewitz, first theorist of modern warfare, whose writings are the basic text of Junker education, was a member of Diebitsch's staff.

The Prussian contingents in East Prussia and Lithuania were part of an army led by the French general, Marshal Macdonald. The Prussian army corps itself was under the command of the Junker general, Yorck von Wartenburg. After prolonged thought and negotiation, Yorck came to the decision to break his oath to his King and his commander. At the windmill of Tauroggen, in East Prussia, in December, 1812, he reached an agreement with Diebitsch and the Russians, which has come to be known as the Convention of Tauroggen.

This act, which came after the Grand Army had already been broken in Russia and after Napoleon himself had left for France, nevertheless, by collapsing the left flank, played a certain rôle in completing the French catastrophe which had, as one direct consequence, the liberation of Prussia. The significance of the incident at Tauroggen for a Junker comes primarily from the attention which Clausewitz directs toward it in his history of the Campaign of 1812. In Clausewitz's interpretation, the incident poses the problem: when, under what circumstances, may or must a German officer break his oath? The answer reached in 1943 by Seydlitz was the same as that found by Yorck at Tauroggen: when he believes that the survival of Reich, Reichswehr, and of his own class, requires the violation. The initial manifesto of the Free Germany Committee and many subsequent broadcasts from Moscow have made their pointed references to the incident at Tauroggen.

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The 1812 episode is still more fruitful. There also it was upon Russia that the survival of the Reich depended. In the generations since those days, during which Prussia expanded to the German Empire and then evolved into the Third Reich, the question of the proper relation to Russia has been continually present to the Junker, as to all thinking Germans. The officer corps has always assumed it as axiomatic that Germany cannot successfully fight two simultaneous major wars on two fronts. This axiom has raised the permanent problem of which front, East or West, to concentrate on in general and at any given stage. Opinion has been traditionally divided between those who favored appeasement of the West for the sake of expansion to the East, and those who preferred appeasement of Russia for

the sake of expansion to the West. The construction of the Empire under Bismarck represented the ascendancy of the second of these schools. Bismarck defeated Denmark and Austria, incorporated the lesser German states, smashed France and integrated the Empire under the protection of a policy that took minute care not to antagonize the Czar.

In the First World War, the axiom against war on two fronts was violated and thereby confirmed. If the Kaiser, frightened by the rapid Russian mobilization, had not at the outset forced the withdrawal of the six divisions from the Western to the Eastern front, Germany might well have won in the first two months. After the war, however, the officer corps, and the problem, still remained. The Russophile section of the officer corps felt vindicated when the outlawed German army, under Seeckt's direction, was able to get around the Versailles restrictions by collaborating with the Red Army inside the borders of revolutionary Russia.

The balance of opinion in the officer corps was, however, fairly evenly divided. In the end, backed and perhaps led by Hitler, the Western-oriented, Anglophile section won out. In June, 1941, counting on being able to come to terms with England, it launched the gamble for the consolidation of the Eurasian heartland with the technology of the Continent under the domination of the Reich. England refused terms. By that decision and at Stalingrad the gamble was lost.

Seydlitz's teachers—Seeckt, Schleicher, Fritsch—were during the past two decades the leaders of the Russophile faction, the roots of which go back to 1812, and beyond that to the eighteenth century days of the joint partitions of Poland. In becoming the spokesman for the Moscow Free Germany Committee, therefore, Seydlitz was not acting erratically and on impulse, nor was he giving expression merely to personal pique at failure. He proceeded consistently, in accordance with the system of ideas in which he had been trained. From that point of view, the attack on Russia was in truth, as he calls it, "criminal folly." He is genuinely convinced that this folly, though it had its substantial support in the Reichswehr, is fundamentally to be attributed to what he regards as the "Hitler clique."

The gamble failed. Germany faced absolute destruction—of Reich, Reichswehr, and of course the entire class of Junkers. Could anything be saved? In a speech delivered to the Moscow Soviet on November 6, 1942, Stalin—a marshal now, in marshal's uniform, not a cobbler's son in a private's shirt—had given or seemed to have given an answer. "It is not our aim," Stalin said, "to destroy Germany, for it is impossible to destroy Germany, just as it is impossible to destroy Russia, but the Hitlerite State can and should be

destroyed, and our first task, in fact, is to destroy the Hitlerite State and its inspirers. . . . It is not our aim to destroy all military force in Germany, for every literate person will understand that this is not only impossible in regard to Germany, as it is in regard to Russia, but it is also inadvisable from the point of view of the future. But Hitler's army can and should be destroyed. Our second task is, in fact, to destroy Hitler's army and its leaders. . . . Our third task is to destroy the hated new order in Europe and to punish its builders."

Here was enough for Seydlitz. Reich, Reichswehr, and the Junker officer corps—or those officers who switched quickly enough, all three of the ideals around which his life was formed, could, then, be saved. At a cost, true enough, a very great cost. The gamble had failed, and the Russian heartland was not going to be reduced to a province of the European Empire of the Reich. Quite the contrary. The Reich, shorn of its conquests, stripped even of parts of its own sacred territories, would become at most a junior partner in a new Pan-Eurasian Empire. But Reich and Reichswehr and Junker officers would still exist. Who knows the future? If German arms could not conquer the masses of Eurasia, perhaps, in the slower, surer ways of peace, German training, brains, culture, technology would still rise ascendant over the Eastern barbarians.

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So reasoned and acted General Walther von Seydlitz, freely expressing, he doubtless felt, the *Zeitgeist*, the Absolute Idea and Destiny whose fulfillment, Hegel taught all Germans, is realized in the Prussian State. The *Zeitgeist*, however, is more complex than Hegel supposed, and Seydlitz is not quite so free an agent as he imagines of its mysterious course through time. For Seydlitz and his officer friends did not make the Free Germany Committee, nor do they control its operation. The Committee, though they may not themselves realize this, was made to order, by other brains and hands, for them; it was cut, with just that flare and those touches that would prove most attractive to defeated Junkers (who, besides, do not at all like the atmosphere of prison camps); but its inner construction, according to the design, is that of a straitjacket.

News dispatches concerning the Committee usually quote Seydlitz. Publicly, he is its chief figure and spokesman. Seydlitz, however, is only one of several vice-chairmen. The chairman is Erich Weinert, and the secretary, Wilhelm Pieck. Weinert is not important. He is one of those figures who have become well known all over the world during the past fifteen years or so. He is a "literary man"—a German refugee novelist and poet, who made himself long ago one of the unquestioning, reliable auxiliaries of the Communist

Party. His name, like that of any one of his hundreds of analogues in all countries, when it appears as an official of a new league or magazine or conference or committee, marks the birth of a new "communist front."

But Wilhelm Pieck is important. He is no Junker and no novelist. For many years he has been a leading member of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of Germany. He survived the German revolutions from 1918 on, and, an even rarer accomplishment, the faction fights and purges within the Party. After Hitler consolidated power, Pieck, like his Italian counterpart, Togliatti, went to live and work in Moscow. Following the retirement of Georgi Dimitrov, and until its formal dissolution in May, 1943, Pieck was the secretary of the Communist International. Two months thereafter, by what was not in the least a coincidence, he was assigned to his post in the Free Germany Committee. Not on the radio or in the news dispatches, but in the closed meetings that decide issues, it is Pieck, not Seydlitz, who speaks for the real architects of the Free Germany Committee, that small group of men—colder, more brilliant, more objective, more carefully trained than even the first of the Junkers—which constitutes the Political Bureau of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union.

A stream of history, sprung from a source that started its flow more than a century ago, swept Seydlitz on to the Free Germany Committee. In the Committee another stream meets and mingles, carrying with it Pieck and his comrades. The communists do not draw their prime inspiration from Clausewitz or Bismarck, but they, like the Junkers, teach themselves from the record of the past. They have learned that wars, specially our modern mass wars, are not won by arms alone. They have studied how the burning words of the Committee of Public Safety carried the raw levies of the French Revolution more surely forward than their inadequate weapons. They have noted how the enthusiasms and the proclamations of Napoleon helped sweep Italy and Switzerland and the Lowlands and Central Europe under his banner. They know that Lincoln needed the Emancipation Proclamation as well as superior numbers and factories to win the Civil War. They watched the effect of Wilson's Fourteen Points in Germany and Austria. They joined with Lenin in the leaflets and broadcasts which he addressed to the armies, internal and external, that opposed their own revolution. Though they broke with Trotsky and rid themselves of him and his followers, they are ready to learn from him also; and they remember that Trotsky, as Commissar of War and organizer of the Red Army, included in the armored train that carried him from front to front, a car equipped as a high-speed print shop.

Stalin and his collaborators, therefore, do not understand war as a merely material enterprise. It is also, indeed first of all, a political act. Consequently, even while their armies were desperately retreating, seeking time and relief in their vast spaces, they started to plan and construct a political instrument with which to supplement the shells of their favorite material weapon, the massed Red artillery.

The Soviet Union had not signed the Geneva Conventions. Stalin felt no obligation to observe the timid protocols against the propagandizing of prisoners of war. Besides, were not many of the German prisoners, in any case, former communist supporters from among the 6,000,000 who voted for the Communist Party in 1932, and who had not forgotten the old doctrines and allegiances which still lay close under the forced nazi veneer? Already, in October, 1941, a league of war prisoners was formed among the enlisted men and non-commissioned ranks in the prison camps. Its leading figure was the communist veteran, Walter Ulbricht. At the same time the task began of organizing favorable opinion abroad, among the large and vocal groups of German refugees and exiles. In November, 1941, publication was started in Mexico of the magazine, *Freies Deutschland* ("Free Germany"), with an editorial board headed by the communist ex-deputy of the Reichstag, Paul Merker, joined with such distinguished fellow-travelers as the novelist, Anna Seghers.

These moves were halting, tentative, half-formed. The military crisis, the possibility of total defeat for the Red Army, did not leave much surplus time and energy for broad political work. The German forces that Stalin had at first to work with—humble private soldier-prisoners, and not many of these, socialists and liberals and intellectuals abroad, most of them old or worn-out or already proved incompetent—were not adequate for the projected task.

It was Stalingrad that changed the equilibrium. After Stalingrad, Stalin, and soon most of mankind, knew that the Soviet Union would win its war against nazi Germany. At Stalingrad, more than 100,000 survivors of a great German army were captured with their commanding officers. After Stalingrad, the refugees and exiles began everywhere to realize that Stalin was going to defeat Hitler, and that their own future, therefore, was going to depend, largely, on Stalin.

Time and circumstance, after Stalingrad, suggested and permitted the initiation of a greater plan. The Free Germany Committee had become possible.

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Politically, the essence of the Free Germany Committee is the bloc between the communists,

represented by Pieck, and a section of the German officer corps and Junker class represented by Seydlitz and, more extensively, by the League of German Officers. Toward this double focus are drawn many varieties of German anti-nazis, increasing percentages of German socialists, liberals and intellectuals, sections of the German industrialists and bankers, and nazis or ex-nazis who, either from genuine conviction or to save their own skins, are turning, first of all in the Soviet prison camps, against Hitler, the leader who by failing has committed the one unforgivable sin of tyrants.

Junker and communist—a strange, incredible combination it seems to those whose ideas of politics are formed upon words, not facts. There can be no point in disputing whether the combination is possible. The combination exists now, it is a present fact. And it is nothing unnatural.

One section of the Junkers has continuously, for more than a century, favored collaboration with Russia. If, moreover, Soviet Russia has defeated Germany, then Germany can continue to exist only by coming to terms with Soviet Russia. In the post-war Germany, the Junkers aim, most naturally, at their own survival. Contrary to a popular misunderstanding of "Prussian militarism," modern Germany has never been an outright military dictatorship. It is an absolute principle of the Junkers not to establish such a dictatorship. The Junkers, in traditional control of the armed forces, the ultimate seat of power, have always believed that they must seek a "link with the masses" through which political rule may be exercised. That is why, after the last war, they accepted the German social democracy, which under the Weimar republic was for a time able to provide a mass basis for the German State. That is why, in 1933, when the social democracy had disintegrated under the pressure of economic crisis, and when the conservative and monarchist groups proved unable to win mass support, the Junkers switched to acceptance of the nazis. The nazis, from then on, provided the indispensable link with the masses.

In the years since 1933, the nazis succeeded in destroying all alternative social and political groupings in Germany, except two: the communists and the Junkers themselves. The communists they could not wholly destroy, in spite of the most painstaking terror, because the communists were too well prepared for underground existence; and, above all, because the German communists were an integral part of an international movement the survival of which did not depend upon what happened in Germany. The Junkers they would not destroy, because the Junkers were, or the nazis thought they were, necessary to the Reichswehr; and the nazi plans required the Reichswehr.

The nazis are now being blown and ground to destruction. The Junkers—those of them, at any rate, who reason as Seydlitz reasons, and they are not few—confront a prospect wherein the German communists alone can be that link to the masses which they must ever find. For in post-war Germany, however little or much it amounts to, only a régime resting primarily, whatever the appearances, on the communists, supporting and supported by the Junker-led armed forces, however small these may be, can maintain the existence of the Reich. External policy—collaboration, in junior status, with the Soviet Union, and internal necessity—the construction of a socially viable régime, alike, then, lead the Junkers to their bloc, consummated in the Free Germany Committee, with the communists.

For the communists, in the present period of communist evolution, the bloc is no less natural. It serves, in the first place, the immediate military interests of the war, since it disintegrates the German army from the top. Though an army, like a house, will collapse, and most completely, from a rot that sets in below, the quickest loss of its fighting ability springs from the demoralization of its leadership.

The immediate military interest, however, is the lesser phase of the plan. Stalin has seen the Soviet Union driven back to the edge of annihilation by the onslaught from the European West, and he has felt his régime tremble. The Western threat to the life of the Soviet State must be scotched forever. Eurasia must be made, under Soviet leadership, an impregnable fortress. The European Continent must be so organized as to constitute the outer bastions of the fortress, not the spearhead of attack against the heartland. But the German nation and people are the dominant force of the Continent. Mere military defeat does not eliminate them. Treaties, leagues, partitions, territorial readjustments do not get rid of the facts of language, culture, tradition, economy, technology. A way must be found to swing the German people within the orbit of a Soviet-led political system. This way leads through the Free Germany Committee and the bloc with the Junkers. The bloc is the wedge that opens the political gates into Germany.

In Lenin's day, the attempted communist solution of such problems was direct international revolutionary appeal to the masses of workers and the soldiers in the ranks, appeal for uprising against their own officers and all their leaders, for the overturn of all society. Today the proposals of the Free Germany Committee are also revolutionary, since they call for the overthrow of the German government. But revolutions mean something very different to Marshal Stalin today than they meant a quarter century ago to the obscure Siberian exile. In 1917 the Bolsheviks

were a little group of outcasts, with only their ideas, their will and their discipline. Today they rule a great State, they have consolidated a new régime, they control the sources and attributes of social power and privilege, they have indeed everything to lose but chains. Under such circumstances, mass revolutionary uprisings are neither necessary nor to be desired. Mass revolt, as it spreads, threatens all régimes and all entrenched power. Revolution today, therefore, is streamlined, controlled, regulated from above, made to order. Its form and direction are decided in chancelleries, not on the streets.

Since mass revolution from below is excluded, and besides proved unsuccessful in Germany in 1918-19, 1923 and 1933, and since Hitler has pulverized all other of his organized oppositions, there remains for the communists only the traditionally Russian-oriented section of the Junkers and of the Reichswehr officer corps as a whole. Therefore Seydlitz. Therefore the summons, not to international class revolution, but to German patriotism. (The Moscow broadcasts of the Committee end with the slogan: "Germany must live; therefore Hitler must fall; fight with us for free Germany!"). Therefore the primary appeal not to the privates and corporals nor to the German workers, but to the German officers. As Togliatti was ready to sit with Marshal Badoglio in the Italian government, in order to assure reentrance of the communists into the active political life of Italy, so, exactly so, though with a more lasting perspective and for higher stakes, does Pieck sit with General von Seydlitz at the head of the Free Germany Committee.

Stripped of rhetoric, the program of the committee, adapted from Stalin's speech of November 6, 1942 and formulated by the initial manifesto of July, 1943, is simple and direct, and has never varied. It proclaims, over and over again, just two points: (1) The criminal folly of the Hitler clique launched and lost the war in the East against the Soviet Union. (2) The only chance for the German State and army to continue existence is to get rid of the Hitler clique and to come to terms with the Soviet Union. The Free Germany Committee does not refer to the War in the West.

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When the Free Germany Committee was first announced, the public here and in England thought of it as a minor Soviet propaganda device, comparable, let us say, to one of the foreign language sections of the OWI, and such continues to be the general opinion. This, however, was not the understanding of Seydlitz, Pieck and Stalin, who are serious men. They got to work.

The Moscow radio was turned over to Committee spokesmen, at first three times and then

six times daily. A Moscow version of the Mexican magazine, *Freies Deutschland*, was regularly published. Millions of leaflets and pamphlets were prepared, and distributed in the prison camps and to the German armies in the East. Loud-speakers were set up for Committee representatives at the front, directed toward the German lines. After its formation in October of last year, the League of German Officers skillfully supplemented the Committee's design. At the front, here and there, at Pskov and Korsun, for example, German contingents, officers and men, began to walk over to the Russian lines, following the instructions of the broadcasts.

Meanwhile, all over the world, in every nation where German refugees or exiles or important numbers of German-speaking inhabitants are present, Free Germany Committees, adjuncts of the Moscow Committee, began to spring up. The group around *Freies Deutschland* in Mexico City has expanded into the chief of these auxiliary Committees. They exist also in London, Stockholm, Toronto, Lisbon, and in many of the Latin American capitals, where their activities are coordinated by the Latin American Committee of Free Germans, which, originated through the Mexican group, is also led by Paul Merker. In the United States and in certain other nations, where no open affiliate of the Moscow Committee has yet appeared, there are analogous organizations, like the "Council for a Democratic Germany" (established in New York under the chairmanship of Paul Tillich), which display much the same characteristics, and which evolve in the same directions.

All of these various Free Germany Committees—they do not everywhere have the same name—are designed on the same pattern. Naturally, they have no Junker generals among their members; Junker generals are at large only in Germany, and the Soviet Union, and not so many these days in Germany. In Stockholm or Santiago or London or Bogota or Mexico City, the Committee consists of miscellaneous writers, socialists, ex-officials of the Weimar Republic, liberals, labor leaders; and, as the one coherent, organized group within the membership, a substantial fraction of German Communist Party members and experienced fellow-travelers.

In the lull between the winter and summer offensives of the Red Army, the preparations of the Free Germany Committee went forward on the immensely greater scale made possible by the victories of the preceding year. Emissaries of the League of German Officers established contact with representatives of the officers still within the German army. Inside the Soviet Union, educational work, the ideological strengthening of prisoner adherents, was extended and deepened.

Even earlier, there had begun the formation

and training of the battalions of a Free German Army, with the ranks carefully selected from among the prisoners. In November, 1943, the members of the League of German Officers stripped off their insignia, by that unprecedented and astonishing act symbolizing their definitive rejection of any allegiance to the present German régime. It is reported that the Free German military contingents are under the tri-partite direction of one candidate selected by the League of German Officers, a second selected by the Moscow Free Germany Committee, and a third selected by the Soviet authorities. This arrangement of command also and logically expresses the primary relation of forces meeting in the Free Germany movement.

The Free Germany Army is neither a ghost nor a toy nor a propaganda machine. As the Red armies penetrate the soil of the Reich, the day when it will march, with arms and banners, is perhaps no longer distant.

When, on June 23 of this year, the new Red Army offensive began, the long and at first so obscure and humble work of the Free Germany movement soon began to pay most handsome dividends. The German armies in the East collapsed with a speed that all of the weight and the intelligent strategy of the Soviet forces could not explain. Within a short while, dispatches made clear what was supplementing the guns and tanks and planes. Nearly every day, German generals—often with their troops alongside them—were surrendering. Now, normally, generals are too valuable to squander. According to the laws of war, it is true that generals must sometimes surrender with their men, as at Bataan or Singapore or Cherbourg or Hengyang. But generals, certainly Junker generals, do not normally surrender, after a day or two of fighting, against no matter how strong a foe, when they have men and guns and food and most powerful fortifications. The Junkers were surrendering on the Eastern Front in those days of June and July because they had decided to surrender before the battle began, because they had accepted the policy of the Free Germany Committee.

Any doubt was removed when, on July 19, Lieutenant-General Edmund Hoffmeister, commander of the Forty-first Tank Corps, just surrendered, broadcast for the Free Germany Committee from Moscow. He repeated once more what Seydlitz had first said a year before, and what the Committee had tirelessly repeated ever since: Hitler's crimes have lost the war; we must save ourselves and Germany by breaking with Hitler, accepting defeat, and collaborating with the Soviet Union.

The next day, July 20, the German internal crisis came into the open. We do not know, and may never know, whether a bomb really exploded

in Hitler's presence. But of the fact that a "plot" against Hitler existed we may be certain, since this plot is simply the Free Germany Committee. Hitler, Himmler and Goebbels understood the significance of the Committee, however much the rest of the world may have misjudged it. If they underrated its power, they were clarified by the surrender of the generals on the Eastern Front, and most plainly by Hoffmeister's broadcast. Whether the bomb was in truth placed by an assassin, or framed by the Gestapo, the incident was at once used by the nazis to carry out a preventive purge.

The purge cut deep and was not exclusive. Its main arm, however, was directed against the Junker officers, the colleagues of the officer-members of the Free Germany Committee. Robert Ley, Minister of Labor, gave the political directive when, in a speech on the twenty-second, he denounced the "blue-blooded swine," and appealed for support to the Nazi Party members and to the masses.

There seems little doubt that the Junkers, in implicit if not direct coordination with the Free Germany Committee, attempted a *coup d'état* to unseat Hitler and bring an end to the war. For the moment, the *coup* was smashed. Perhaps, through the Gestapo tactics, it had been prematurely provoked. The primary cause of its failure, however, was a difficulty inherent in the make-up of the Free Germany Committee. The Committee, having renounced the call to mass revolution, and resting upon the political bloc between the Junkers and communists, had failed to penetrate through the shields of Goebbels's propaganda and the Gestapo's terror to the ear of the masses. The workers, peasants, and privates did not rise. Himmler's machine, though it shook to its foundations, was still able to operate in the comparative safety of the restricted social strata at the top levels.

Politically, the nazi response was brilliant, though desperate, and doomed to fail because of the collapse of German armed strength. Their maneuver was to try to direct the weariness and anger of the masses away from themselves, and against the Junkers. Himmler, in the purge that followed July 20, drew an inviolable line of blood between the Nazi Party and the Junkers, not merely the Seydlitz section but the Junker class as a whole. The line was made still more unbreachable when the special court condemned and hanged German marshals and generals in civilian clothes as common criminals. This additional humiliation was, also, a demagogic appeal for the support of the masses against the "blue-blooded swine."

These, however, were only preliminary rounds. Five days after the bombing incident, on July 25, sixteen more Reichswehr generals broadcast from

Moscow, announcing their adherence to the League of German Officers and the Free Germany Committee, and repeating once more the Committee's program:

"All generals and officers who understand their responsibility are confronted by these alternatives: either they will wait until Hitler dooms them and the German Army, pulling down with him into the grave the entire German nation; or to answer force by force—to resist Hitler, to refuse to carry out his orders, to overthrow the Hitlerite regime and thus finish the war.

"Don't wait until Hitler dooms you. The fight against Hitler is the struggle for Germany."

On August 8 (not publicly announced until August 13), an even more significant act took place. Friedrich von Paulus, commander-in-chief of the Sixth Army that surrendered at Stalingrad, declared his membership in the League and Committee, and, in a cold and serious public letter, again stated the Committee's program. Paulus had never bent after Stalingrad; he had refused discussion with his captors, had given merely his name and rank, and had then remained silent. At his surrender, he held the rank of Field Marshal, highest in the Reichswehr. He had not, moreover, belonged to the traditionally Russophile (Seydlitz) faction of the Junkers, but to the opposing, England-oriented faction. The German defeats, and the purge, had finally, nevertheless, convinced him. When Marshal von Witzleben was hanged, Paulus reasoned that the continuation of Hitler's rule was not merely in opposition to one section of the Junkers, but meant the extermination of the entire Junker class, along with the destruction of Reich and Reichswehr. Therefore, after so long a wait, he spoke:

"For Germany the war is lost.

"Germany came to such a position in spite of the heroism of her Wehrmacht and her people because of the political and military leadership of Adolf Hitler. . . .

"Germany must get rid of Adolf Hitler and establish a new state leadership. . . ."

"A new state leadership"—that is the heart of the plan that has as its outward instrument the Free Germany Committee. It is a plan that is independent of peace treaties, terms of military occupation, assignments of territory. The plan does not rest upon the forms of legal settlements but upon the realities of power and political ascendancy. The battalions and propagandists of the Committee are trained and ready to carry out the plan.

For who is to provide that "new state leadership" except those forces now organized in the Free Germany Committee itself?

This is the plan upon whose outcome there rests the future of Europe, of Eurasia, and, perhaps, of the world.

Communications

THE PHILADELPHIA STRIKE

TO the Editors: I have just finished reading your fine COMMONWEAL magazine in the USO. I enjoyed it very much, especially your article on the Philadelphia strike.

Being a follower of Father Divine who teaches that race prejudice and segregation are "Hitlerism in disguise," I thought how wonderful it would be if all the magazines and the press would put out articles as you have showing how un-American, unpatriotic this evil Monster prejudice is. The boys overseas are doing a great job in destroying Hitlerism, but the Philadelphia affair shows what a big task we have here on the home front in ridding the nation of these dark forces of evil. Wishing you all success and happiness.

A SERVICE MAN.

PRIMER OF THE COMING WORLD

TO the Editors: Again you must allow me to take exception to one of Klaus Dohrn's statements, this time to a sentence in his review of "Primer of the Coming World." (August 11, 1944.)

Once again, Dohrn unconsciously shows his sympathies with Italian fascism when he says, "the fact that Italy really never belonged to the 'other side' might have been even more stressed."

Italy thus really never made war on Abyssinia, really never defied the League, really never conspired with nazism, really never invaded Albania, really never tried to make war against Greece.

Moreover, to lead the argument *ad absurdum* where it deserves to end, Rumania really never belonged to the "other side," neither will Bulgaria have ever belonged to the "other side," though it still does at the time this is written.

Soon the Hungarian and the Slovakian governments will be exonerated by people with short memories or by people who, like Klaus Dohrn, find it more in keeping with their hidden bias to disremember unfavorable facts.

Until, at last, the vicious circle of Dohrn's loose thinking will be completed some twenty years after the defeat of nazism when we shall find Hitler busts selling like hot cakes in every American 5 & 10 cent store, because this mustachioed, handsome—though unsuccessful—hero really never belonged to the "other side," either!

PRIVATE FIRST CLASS.

ITALIAN PROBLEMS

Brooklyn, N. Y.

TO the Editors: In my article, "Italian Problems" (September 8), I stated that the Allies have put in circulation twenty billion liras of occupation dollars. Mrs. Anne O'Hare McCormick states in the *New York Times* for August 30 that the correct amount is thirty billion liras (300 million dollars). Surely it is not safe to play with currency on such a scale either in America or in Italy.

LUIGI STURZO.

The Stage & Screen

Anna Lucasta

HERE, with a play to estimate as well as a performance (singular circumstance in any recent season), I earnestly regret not having seen Philip Yordan's piece in its original presentation by the American Negro Theater uptown. Inadvertently, I missed it, so am unable to trace either the improvements or dispersions caused by its peregrination to the Street. However, as now found at the Mansfield, there is much to commend, the business is interesting indeed. In the first place, here is the spectacle of a thoroughly excellent acting company elaborating, sharpening, augmenting some of the most vital stage-writing I have lately seen. The fact that this company happens to be a Negro one is beside the point; the play is agitated by neither racial or significantly social considerations; its movers must stand (I will say, *have arrived*) only by virtue of professional salience. It should, I think, be seen.

I suppose it is possible to call Mr. Yordan's play a tragi-comedy, a term which, in its classic ambiguity, has, by its very hyphen, crippled innumerable themes before they have hit the page or stage. It is perfectly true that some measured wandering between forms is no less delighting than legitimate, but unfortunately, this is generally the province either of the greatly innocent or of the experienced technician, and even in many historic instances, the demon hyphen is still apt to be found running all about. While I don't think anyone has ever bothered to frame a comic-tragedy, certainly such an anomaly has sadly often been effected in the theater, and I think between this impossibility and its opposite, Mr. Yordan has got somewhat lost. Dealing with the fortunes of a girl who has stumbled morally, if briefly, in the environs of her hometown, only to be immediately damned and rejected by her father, Mr. Yordan's script takes her to a life of prostitution in Brooklyn, USA, and returns her home through the machinations of her money-hungry family, for the purpose of marrying a substantial and steadfast son of a family friend. Somehow or other a happy ending is tacked on to all this—a vast mistake and not the author's own, I hazard—but Mr. Yordan's chief fault lies in his deliberate smothering of his motivating theme. Overtly tracing the unnatural cruelty, sadism, of the father of the piece—the force behind its every scene—to an Oedipus Complex of the exact size of Barrett Pèrè in the Besier work, he is still unwilling to culminate this, the tragic element, openly, and so builds an almost ludicrously hasty and crowded second act, leaving his third largely to narrative and exposition, with the resolution of the Father and all the subsidiary angles accomplished only by hearsay. Needless to say, as Yeats (and Aristotle) has pointed out, to adumbrate any such passion as this, one must achieve the realms of purest tragedy where qualities of character (temperament) are no longer essential, where they are a hindrance; however, it is exactly

here that Mr. Yordan is most skillful, most detailed, most exciting. He is a writer of comedy par excellence, each of his characters (with the exception of the Father of the family) is alive, believable, human: the family scenes are fairly uproarious, the Brooklyn scenes are vivid, possible. It is too simple to say that he has attempted too much; but he has written against himself. His play is an esthetic tug of war.

As I have intimated the performance is remarkable. Aside from John Proctor's bad diction in the part of a minor brother, it is impossible to single any member of the large cast for reasons other than good. Hilda Simms in the name rôle is a discovery; Canada Lee, Frederick O'Neal, Georgia Burke contribute arresting, special work. I was particularly struck with Alice Childress in the part of a Brooklyn prostitute, and want also to mention John Tate and Earle Hyman. A good bit of credit for the playing—tempo, tone—must certainly go to Mr. Gribble's direction, and I thought Frederick Fox's sets apt. (*At the Mansfield.*)

Lower North

EXCEPTING, as always, the incessantly pleased Mr. Rascoe, I do not feel the notices were completely fair to this first effort of Martin Bidwell's. Rumors of its demise being in the air, it is impossible to give it great space, but I think if Mr. Bidwell could learn to plot as well as he has learned to write dialogue, we might have something. His piece on the Navy Training School system was not a play at all. However, it was extremely well cast and the director, David Burton, handled the astonishing number of virile young men still available to the profession with considerable humor. (*At the Belasco.*)

KAPPO PHELAN.

Lest We Forget

SINCE, in the past month, there have been fewer Hollywood releases covering the grimmer aspects of the war, it might be well to look at two new films that shy away from none of the horrors. The first investigates life and death aboard an aircraft carrier in the Pacific; and the second concentrates entirely on Germans in Germany. While I am aware that the war-weary public needs the relaxation which moviegoers find in escapist comedies and melodramas, I also have a strong feeling that the public really has no right to be war weary or to forget the war's issues or the suffering and sacrifices through which men are going. Although these two new films are not the best in the field, they forcefully visualize certain aspects of today's holocaust.

In spite of the clichés in its plot and occasional feeble attempts at humor and false heroics, "*Wing and a Prayer*" is an unusual war movie. Most of its action takes place aboard a carrier in the Pacific. Through some extraordinary photography, supervised by Glen MacWilliams, we are made to feel that we are participating in the drama on the ship and in the air above it. Also responsible for the film's effectiveness are: Jerome Cody who wrote the script which emphasizes characterization (I

wish he had omitted the horseplay and warmed-over sentiment) and Henry Hathaway who directed the large, all-male cast (which has just a few too many handsome youths for realism). As in so many other films made during this war, the group is the hero rather than a single character; our particular interest is in Squadron Number Five whose personnel includes Dana Andrews as the commander, William Eythe as a pilot known as "Oscar" because he was a movie star who won one, Richard Jaeckel as his under-age gunner, Henry Morgan as the pilot who disobeys orders and is "grounded," Richard Crane as the love-sick ensign complete with photographs of sweetheart and post-war cottage (you are certain from the beginning that he will be killed). Captain of Carrier X is Charles Bickford; and the officer in charge of flight operations is Don Ameche, who is so exacting and hard-boiled that he is the only man on the ship who is not given a nickname. Don has several opportunities to show how hard he can be; and he also has chances to exhibit his great concern for the men. Extra conflict is inserted into the drama when this commander refuses to imperil the carrier by revealing its position to Pilot Eythe who is flying above it in a fog. The main theme of the film is concerned with the part Carrier X plays in the Navy's scheme to trick the Japanese, during the period after Pearl Harbor, into thinking our fleet is scattered and weak. The command not to engage the enemy, to run rather than fight, naturally irks the men, creates nervous tension, and requires great fortitude. Their big moment, however, comes in the Battle of Midway. In final scenes, the film's slow build-up is contrasted with thrilling action. The best part of "*Wing and a Prayer*" are the magnificent shots of the carrier, the planes landing and taking off, the movement on deck and in the air during the battle. The film also succeeds, through its story of these clean limbed boys, in reminding us how much we owe the young men who are actually doing the war's dirty work.

Ostensibly, "*The Seventh Cross*" is a hare-and-hound melodrama, but symbolically it becomes a movie celebrating the survival of men's goodness over men's animal cruelty and evil. In telling the story of seven men who escape from a concentration camp near Mainz, Germany, in 1936, it concentrates on one of their group. We can understand his bitterness, for his body has been tortured brutally, his spirit is low and he trusts no one. His despair increases after he succeeds in reaching his former sweetheart—who throws him out in fear. The other six men are captured (and hung on crosses in the concentration camp where seven stripped trees stand waiting for their bodies) or are killed, or, admitting defeat, commit suicide or surrender. While the movie does not emphasize the encouraging effect of this empty seventh cross on the other prisoners (as Anna Seghers's original novel did) it does succeed in portraying the change in the seventh man as he flees from his relentless nazi pursuers and is aided by courageous anti-nazis who slowly convince him that there is a God-given decency in men that will come out if given a chance. It would be unfair for me to tell the details of Helen Deutsch's well written script. The

device of having a dead man (the first of the seven who is caught) narrate part of the story proves awkward in motion pictures. But the terror of the chase, the psychology of fear, the hero's suspicion of everyone, the growth of characterization—all these are developed in effective cinema. Director Fred Zinneman, stressing suspense and tension, has guided his cast expertly. Spencer Tracy, as the seventh man, and Hume Cronyn, as his quiet, rather shy, idealistic friend who proves himself a man of courage, turn in outstanding performances. Jessica Tandy, Signe Hasso, Katherine Locke, Agnes Moorehead lead a supporting cast that is good throughout. And Pandro S. Berman's production is noteworthy for its realistic staging. The present release of "The Seventh Cross" is particularly timely. Since all its characters are German, it impresses upon us an important point that we too easily overlook: all Germans are not nazis; in 1936 there were many who disapproved of Hitler and his followers; there still may be some Germans who are fighting, even in Germany, on our side of the war.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Huxley's Mysticism

ANNE FREEMANTLE

INTERSPERSED amongst the narrative of Aldous Huxley's current novel, "Time Must Have a Stop,"* are pieces of Uncle Eustace's post-mortem experiences, expressed either directly, or through the medium his mother-in-law, the "Queen-Mother," hires even before his funeral. They are as unconvincing as Abraham said they would be ". . . if one rise again from the dead." But they are strangely moving as expressive of what is probably happening to Mr. Huxley, here and now. One wonders why he postulates them of Uncle Eustace in the hereafter, instead of Bruno or the repentant Sebastian in the here. For there is no increase of charity after death, only of knowledge; and what Mr. Huxley describes reads like a verbatim account of a place to which he now sometimes comes.

"In the dark silence, in the void of all sensation, something began to know it. And suddenly the awareness had become an awareness of light. The light of the knowledge by which it was known. In the awareness that there was something other than absence the anxiety found appeasement, the hunger found satisfaction. Instead of privation, there was this light. And because the awareness was included, [by a shining presence] was interpenetrated with it, there was identification with it. The awareness was not only known by it but knew with its knowledge. Knew, not absence, but the luminous denial of absence, not privation, but bliss. There was hunger still. Hunger for yet more knowledge, for a yet more total denial of absence. Hunger, but also the satisfaction of hunger, also bliss, and then as the light increased, hunger again for a profounder satisfaction, for a bliss more intense. Bliss and hunger, hunger and bliss. And

* Harper. \$2.75.

through everlengthening durations the light kept brightening from beauty into beauty."

One wonders why Mr. Huxley despises "Hymns Ancient and Modern." For therein Bernard of Morlaix, translated by John Mason Neale, says exactly the same thing:

Where Jesus gives the portion
Those happy souls to fill
The insatiate, yet craving
The full, yet craving still.
Alike are free from pain
Where thou, midst heavenly citizens
A home like theirs shall gain.

Yet Mr. Huxley has to invent a gross Rabelaisian lecher to express his own enjoyment "*quam sit Jesum diligere*." Is this a form of masochistic humility? Is Mr. Huxley saying, in fact: "All that Uncle Eustace was, I am; yet to me too, this grace is given?"—is he trying to express the contrast "Hymns Ancient and Modern" also attempts:

When in His strength I struggle
For very joy I leap
When in my sin I totter
I weep, or try to weep.

Chapter XIII and the other, more fragmentary, accounts of Uncle Eustace's extra-terrene experiences are very touching. For they give an impression of being either Mr. Huxley's own intimate and personal version of "*en una noche oscura*" or of being his hoping guesswork, an approximation of what he imagines he would feel were he to reach union. It is true that in the novel Uncle Eustace repeatedly, and in the end, refuses the proffered grace, but the description of the terrible humility of God: "The silence . . . shone with a blue, imploring tenderness, imploring, as it were humbly begging to be taken notice of . . . blue, and yet somehow musical. A systole and diastole of radiance, singing voicelessly within the whorls of an unseen shell" does not give the impression of being entirely written in *oratio obliqua*.

★

But moving and articulate from the spiritual viewpoint as they may be, from the purely technical, writer's angle, Mr. Huxley is ill-advised in attempting to describe what goes on when Uncle Eustace meets the Trinity. Mr. Somerset Maugham, in his most recent novel, "The Razor's Edge," has wisely avoided this error. He takes leave of his old uncle when that uncle declines a fancy-dress party on the Riviera because of a prior engagement with his Saviour. By describing as the experiences of Eustace Barnack after death what are much more likely those of Aldous Huxley very much alive, the latter detracts from their verisimilitude, and by thus deliberately paraphrasing his own experiences, he needlessly denigrates them. Technically again, he should not draw his moral from Sebastian's note-book nor from Bruno's sayings. Wilfred Owen said, once for all, that "the poetry is in the pity"—or should be. The pity should *not* be in the poetry. Thus this is a bad novel, because the moral,

which stems magnificently out of the story of the Degas drawing, is rubbed through a hair-sieve both in the middle and at the end of the tale. Sebastian's dinner-jackets would have made a superb short story, *à la hauteur* of de Maupassant or even Dostoyevsky, if only Mr. Huxley could have let well alone and allowed the story itself to point its own ghastly truth, which is made amply clear by the inevitable sequence which follows on the boy's heartless, selfish, but unthinking act. The impossibility of reparation would then have stood out most clearly, and the novel would not only have been a great story but also a tremendous piece of apologetics. For the difficulty is always to make the sequence significant. And that Mr. Huxley's genius had done. But what his genius created, his moralizing overlaid. This is a mistake the New Testament never makes. In the parables, Christ is not reported as having rubbed in the moral. He asks His disciples, do you understand? And sometimes begins or ends by saying, "The Kingdom is like this," or by questioning, "Which do you think . . .?" But He never labors His point. Mr. Huxley, who has absorbed so many of the moral lessons of the Gospels, needs to pay closer attention to their consummate artistry. He has made great strides toward understanding something of the Divine compassion; is it too much to suggest he should also try to comprehend something of the Divine wit? "If the blind lead the blind, shall they not both fall into the ditch?" was surely not said without irony.

The average reader, wading through much unnecessary nastiness and muck, finds it impossible also not to wish that Mr. Huxley had got one stage further. After loving human beings—and all other creatures—for God; after loving God in His creatures, human and other; it is necessary to come to love those creatures—even oneself—in God. (This is the knowledge Bernanos's Country Priest arrives at on his deathbed.) If only Mr. Huxley could do this, he would be less tangled in the terrible love-hate of repulsion-attraction that would be comic if it were not so nauseating. All the oldest Freudian gambits are in his new novel, from the "goats' pills of excrement" to the Eliot-esque tart's rubber corset, and even to *Fraülein* with the *töpfchen* (chamberpot).

★

In Jules Verne's "Voyage around the Moon" the travelers, in their contraption that is shot from a cannon, have a dog with them, which dies. They throw it out. Days later, looking out on the stratosphere, in the brilliant silence of interstellar space, they see their dead dog, traveling upwards with them, fixed in a parallel relation to them by some horrible trick of lunar gravity. There is a dead dog, quite literally, as well as figuratively, in this latest as in other of Mr. Huxley's novels (one of the most famous begins with a dead dog falling from an airplane onto a sunbather). Literally, as well as figuratively, it would be vastly more agreeable for his fellow-travelers if Mr. Huxley could jettison some of the dead dogs with which he travels; they seem strange luggage and stranger viaticum for the journey upon which he seems now seriously to be set.

Editors' Choice

WHEN JOHNNIE COMES MARCHING HOME. *Dixon Wecter*. Houghton. \$3.00.

WASHINGTON AND THE MURDER OF JUMONVILLE. *Gilbert F. Leduc*. *La Société Historique Franco-Américaine*. \$2.25.

From Minute Man to G. I.

THE VERY title of Dixon Wecter's latest book is about as cheering as could be. His well-documented findings on American demobilization, from the time of the Continentals down to 1944 and following, is almost equally encouraging. For there has been a definite progression from Revolutionary times down to our own in the degree of responsibility our society has assumed in enabling those who have fought for their country to regain a good place in civilian life. In the earlier days there was always the frontier for the man who had difficulty making a new start in his old surroundings. By the end of the Civil War this had largely disappeared and it was then that our returning veterans had to undergo the greatest hardships. Even after the last war, because demobilization plans were not set up until after the Armistice, there was widespread hardship. And this time the process has all been so thoughtfully and practically worked out that the one problem is to keep American industry going on all sixteen.

Mr. Wecter is more than an accurate historical reporter. For a man of his years he displays a remarkable sense of understanding the world as it is. His generalizations as to what men thought and did at various periods in American history ring true. He has only one disquieting habit, if "When Johnnie Comes Marching Home" provides any valid criterion. Time and again he will present a colorful or bizarre incident in the life of some soldier or veteran or observer only to take all the starch out of it by pointing out that this was an exception or that on the other hand a number of other individuals did or thought exactly the opposite. Annoying as this is, it speaks well for his honesty—though hardly for a healthy disdain of catering to the popular taste.

It is, of course, impossible to consider the problem of demobilization without considering in detail the state of mind of men returning to civilian life and that means how they feel about being in the service, what they have been going through and what they want on their return. These questions do in fact comprise the greater bulk of Mr. Wecter's book. The Civil War, for instance, contrasted sharply with all other of our major wars in that a certain minor religious revival occurred as a result. Otherwise there was little difference. There were always the problems of camp followers and strong drink. Another constant is the fact that training in the use of firearms never led directly to any marked increase in American crimes of violence. And the reabsorption problem has always depended on the degree of prosperity in the country at the time. The one place where Mr. Wecter is overoptimistic is in his confidence that American soldiers in this war know just what they are fighting for—and that, thanks to Army indoctrination courses.

It is hard to say which makes the pleasanter reading, the accounts of the American doughboy's return not so long ago or the elaborate plans for demobilization now in operation for wounded and older men and for hardship

cases as well. That is due primarily to the approaching prospect of homecoming at long last. It is when one goes beyond the joy of that first moment that the sobering considerations come. For how long will a few hundred dollars of mustering-out pay finance a return to civilian life? Of how much use are the best employment services in the world and all the good personal advice, if the jobs are lacking? What good is the somewhat qualified legal right to an old job if that job or that company no longer exists? What permanent use are government loans of various kinds if the whole American economy is not working well? That is the disquieting thing. We have an excellent set-up for facilitating the soldier's return to civilian life and yet even now we have failed to take any serious steps to make sure that there will be a going civilian life to return to and boost along.

Minor Episode

MOST inhabitants of the United States have probably never even heard of the accusation of murder brought against George Washington by the French and sedulously perpetuated in many of the more popular French Canadian history text books. Indeed only a few years ago one French Canadian historian—the Abbé Georges Robitaille—issued a brochure devoted entirely to this subject. In it he accused Washington of lacking honor and justice and of being an assassin. Needless to say such an accusation easily becomes material for current political use, and for this if for no other reason it is well that Americans should know the basis of the accusation and that scholars should trouble themselves to find out whether it is justified.

In 1753 George Washington was sent on a mission to the Ohio Valley by Governor Dinwiddie of Virginia. The Ohio country was the subject of conflicting claims by the French and British Empires. Neither claimant had any intention of compromise, and it was evident that the only solution possible would be war. The object of Washington's mission was to discover how many French were already in the disputed area and what were their chances of being reinforced from Canada—indeed to find out everything he could about French strength along the Ohio. He was likewise to present a letter to the chief commanding officer and to demand a reply. The answer he obtained from the French was quite unsatisfactory to the British.

At once Dinwiddie laid plans to use force upon what he viewed as French interlopers. Small British forces were prepared and sent west, with Washington in command of a very small detachment serving as a spearhead. Meanwhile a party of French were sent out under the command of Jumonville with instructions to find out everything possible about the British and likewise to present to them a summons from the French commander to depart from French territory. Jumonville's men came into the neighborhood of Washington's and lurked for some days in the woods, acting precisely like a scouting party and not at all like an embassy. Eventually Washington ferreted out the French and attacked them, completely overwhelming them. In the course of the action Jumonville was killed. The French immediately claimed that this was a treacherous assassination of a man they had sent on a diplomatic errand at a time when the British and the French were at peace.

The British all claimed precisely the opposite, say-

ing that the French party had tried to use force and had not given any indication of being an embassy. Somewhat later Jumonville's brother led out a strong party seeking vengeance. They far outnumbered Washington and he was obliged to accept a capitulation. Its terms were honorable, but its text included an admission that Jumonville had been assassinated. Washington maintained that he was not aware of this admission, since the terms of the capitulation were in French and his interpreter used the word "death" in rendering the phrase.

Father Gilbert F. Leduc, a Massachusetts priest of French Canadian origin, has recently published a careful study of this whole episode. He reaches the conclusion that Washington's action was in no sense dishonorable and cannot be described as murder. Father Leduc's "Washington and the Murder of Jumonville" is thoroughly documented and seems to settle, as far as it can be settled, this minor episode and major accusation in our history.

More Books of the Week

The Barricades. Philip Toynbee. Doubleday. \$2.50.

THE SON of the great English historical philosopher and teacher has written a novel intensely disobliging to the teaching profession. Michael Rawlins is a teacher who is dismissed for having insulted when drunk another teacher, and the teachers who are not drunk in this school are hypocrites and bores and the one pupil who emerges into the story from the school which Mr. Rawlins has left is drunk throughout the book—either in Mr. Rawlins's company or in that of his mistress. The only fellow schoolmaster met by Rawlins in the course of his adventures is on his way to enjoy in Paris the safest orgy he can manage. It is all right with me that the gents and ladies in "The Barricades" should drink; it is in character that they should drink; but it would be even better if Mr. Toynbee—without drinking excessively himself—had asked a few people who do drink what it is they put in their glasses. It is hard on the reader to have a drink introduced quite as naively as in this passage: "There was a sweet, strong drink called gin fizz which Rose had recommended. Rawlins gulped it quickly." Or a page later, when Rawlins "stopped at the bar and drank a strong whisky. The taste of the gin fizz had cloyed his mouth, and the whisky burned it clean again." It is annoying to see a grown schoolmaster—who is no idiot—proceed within a few paragraphs to bottles of "hock" followed by brandy, and in a morning or so recover sufficiently to start on Chianti and Dubonnet.

There is also in abundance what has become a convention among the bright young men of English letters: the desperate love making with an English lady of title who is sullen and strong, brave always and lost—terribly lost indeed, yet found again, again and again, in English books ever since the Armenian Michael Arlen produced her formula. Shameless (in Huxley), pitiable and lost (always), harming irremediably the idealistic and drunken youths she captures, or educating them (in Toynbee), or whatever fits. And always an Earl's daughter, always with cash and a never lost distinction even in her violence and in her cups. Always fascinating to the author—"Is Lady Rose at home?"—and, as far as I am concerned, successful and real only once, and

then in an American's book when she was Brett in "The Sun Also Rises."

There was a time when the French were said always to depict French life and manners in such a way as to discourage respect for the French. This is now a British trick. The variously perverted characters in "The Barri-cades," the schoolboy minds of those who pursue an ideal, make it unnecessarily difficult to see that throughout the book there runs a serious theme. If the characters were not so impossible one would be more interested in the tragic and real entrance of the Spanish war into the consciousness of a schoolboy and a schoolmaster. But the former is such a spoiled little prig and the latter's habits while awaiting conversion are so unlikely that it is only in the description of events, and not in the development of the characters, that the Spanish drama lives.

Mr. Toynbee perhaps is a young man and of course he sought to show how decadent his countrymen must have been before the awakening of the war. Mr. Toynbee is a serious, young (?) man and in this book he desired fervently to be a moralist. That is a hard thing to be and one always risks getting lost in the detail of the hated immorality one condemns. This book is a failure, yet I shall read the next book Mr. Toynbee writes. Perhaps also by that time he will be kind enough to check up on his French. Rawlins is with his eternal Dubonnet at the terrace of a Paris café; he is reading the newspaper; the headline says: "Milliers de Rouges se donnent au Front du Nord." "Rawlins stared blankly at his paper." I dare say he did.

C. G. PAULDING.

Modern Political Philosophies. Louis Wasserman. Blakiston. \$69.

THERE has been for years the need of handy books and pamphlets for adult education. This need has been twofold: for the individual who wanted to work things out by himself and for the class or adult discussion group. One of the principal requirements is simplicity of style; another is attractiveness of format; a third is reasonable price. And, of course, in the background, and most important of all, is soundness of scholarship. Several series have been attempted, none of them wholly successful. One of the most recent of these is the New Home Library of Philadelphia, handled in the marts of trade by the Blakiston Company of that city. Each volume in the series sells retail for a modest sixty-nine cents. (The best-known title so far is the Beards' "Basic History of the United States.") This venture appears to meet the qualifications of reasonable price, attractiveness and readability.

Admitting that "Modern Political Philosophies" is as controversial a subject as they come, it is disappointing to find in Mr. Wasserman such extreme prejudices in religious and political matters that it throws his otherwise able summary badly out of whack. His prize statement that the Renaissance-Reformation was "the triumph of reason over dogma" is but the climax of a long diatribe about the struggle to burst the shackles which in medieval times, according to H. G. Wells and Mr. Wasserman, held fast every human effort or aspiration. The author's prejudices here serve to impair gravely the "simple educational service" of describing "in objective terms" the main elements of the world's competing political philosophies. And the author of this book review is all too aware of the unfortunately prevalent error of Catholic apologists who

without question paint the Middle Ages as humanity's golden day.

Once Mr. Wasserman has recovered from his rather atrocious start he does not do too badly. Unfortunately in discussing the totalitarians another prejudice stalks in when he fails to see any similarity between, for instance, the fascist and the Soviet state. He takes at its face value whatever Moscow has claimed about having genuine cooperatives, labor unions with any real power and political democracy generally. It is not necessary to be taken in by these things to recognize that the Russian system has a number of very solid virtues which have won the people—but to imply that the USSR, as contrasted with Germany, Japan, etc., is a democracy is to deprive that overworked term of much of its essential meaning.

Where Mr. Wasserman is at his best is in his summary of the basic theory of Marxism—although even here he presents it in so much greater detail and with so much greater persuasiveness as to manifest his personal predilections. His distinctions between the various types of socialism are decidedly useful ones. His summary of the cooperative movement is good and he makes the briefest of bows—accurate as far as it goes—in the direction of the social principles outlined in recent papal encyclicals.

"Modern Political Philosophies," in short, is a useful volume for a reader who has some knowledge of the subject already—it can add materially to his grasp. For the adult approaching such a complex subject for the first time it is hardly to be recommended, since it perpetuates and disseminates even more widely some of the most popular unhistorical notions of our time.

EDWARD SKILLIN, JR.

Treaty Ports. Hallett Abend. Doubleday. \$3.00.

HALLETT ABEND is one of the most prolific current writers on the Pacific and eastern Asia, and one of the best. He is more interested in China than in the rest of the continent. He evinces intense dislike of the Japanese, in which most people agree with him wholeheartedly, but in doing so they yield to a personal feeling dangerous to scientifically cold-blooded analysis of the problems of the Pacific for the formulation of an evolutionary policy for construction of lasting peace between us of the West and the majority of the human race.

"Treaty Ports" is a good picture of the reasons which fostered the growth and organization of the Chinese ports set apart by treaty for the development of Western business with the Chinese Empire under the Manchu Dynasty which conquered China in the seventeenth century, the consequences to them of the Chinese Revolution, the disintegration which followed it, and the use of force by the Japanese Empire to build up the Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity sphere.

There are several ways of writing such a book. It is a fact that the great majority of Americans have no understanding whatever of anything concerning China, and that a very large section of that majority tends to snap judgments when forced to confront a dangerous problem—like war in the Pacific—arising out of ignorance and lack of understanding. Men who are now writing on that vast subject have a duty to foster understanding as well as knowledge. They have a very real and a dangerous responsibility. A good way, therefore, is to convey understanding in a pleasantly presented and easily readable book, which will keep the attention of the average reader while the author conveys to him the important things he

has to say. That is good technique. Abend uses it successfully. The subject is far too important, however, for the future of the world and humanity to allow prejudice to becloud understanding. I have made the same comment, frequently, with regard to the European area of world war. Far too many people who might influence war strategy have been motivated primarily by an overwhelming personal hatred of Adolf Hitler. Neither war strategy nor "post-war" policy should be allowed to be influenced by hatred or even by prejudice. Emotion has no proper place whatever in war or peace strategy. Abend's books are good; but he is too good not to be at the very constructive top. I pass that on in friendly liking.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

Origen, His Life at Alexandria. René Cadiou. Translated by John A. Southwell. Herder. \$3.25.

THIS WORK is a translation of René Cadiou's "La Jeunesse D'Origène," one of the most important works on Origen to appear in recent years. The translation, with a few minor deficiencies, is smooth and easy to read. The work gives a masterly picture of the School of Alexandria, with which Clement and especially Origen were so closely identified. It covers the period of Origen's life from his birth (about 185 A.D.) to his exile from Alexandria and flight to Caesarea (about 230 A.D.).

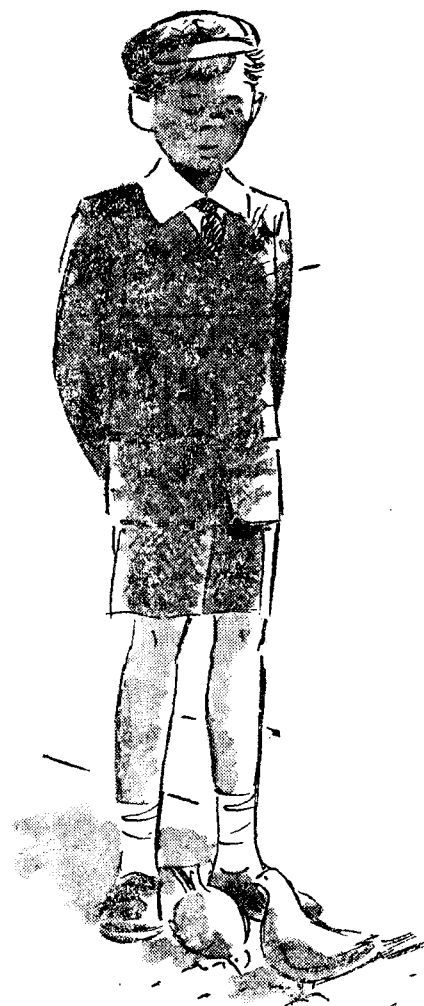
The author succeeds admirably in portraying vividly and accurately that "brief moment of common scholarship" when the Bible and the riches of classical antiquity, the Gospel of Saint John and the teachings of Plato, seemed to be merged into one harmonious whole. No one epitomized this fusion of Neoplatonism and Christian wisdom better than Origen.

The two most famous pupils of Ammonius Saccas were Plotinus and Origen. They were steeped in Alexandrian Platonism. A highly educated catechist, Origen dreamed of a Christian Gnosis which would make the discipline of the intelligence the basis of spiritual progress. It was his aim to give the educated Christian a purer knowledge of the nature of God than that possessed by the illiterate mass of the faithful. His troubles began at this point. Yet the author makes clear the distinction that must be drawn between Origen and Origenism. It is true, in more than one passage Origen left himself open to charges that appear to be well-founded, especially in reference to his teaching on the resurrection of the dead and the final restoration of all to God. It is, nevertheless, Cadiou's well-considered opinion that Origen was not a heretic, although he was able to avoid heresy only at the cost of several inconsistencies.

The reader will find in this work an excellent analysis of Origen's Commentary on the Psalms, the Commentary on Lamentations, the Treatise on the Resurrection, and, above all, the *De Principiis*. The chapters that deal with Christian Gnosticism and the relations between Origen and Plotinus give valuable insights into the Neoplatonism of Alexandria during the latter half of the second and the opening years of the third centuries.

One of the most conclusive pieces of work the author does is to demolish the myth of the two Origenes. Origen the pagan has been allowed in certain quarters to usurp the honor which rightfully belongs to Origen Adamantius. Even Bigg in "*The Christian Platonists*" fell for this myth. For René Cadiou, the pagan Origen is nothing more or less than an inference without any confirmation.

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AUSTIN L. WHITTEY, M. A., Headmaster

Philosopher, theologian, contemplative: Origen remains one of the noblest minds that the Church has produced. The present work does full justice to his genius.

WILLIAM R. O'CONNOR.

Labor Lawyer. Louis Waldman. Dutton. \$3.50.

BECAUSE Louis Waldman's struggling years resemble the first hard years of many of us in everything but geography, his "Labor Lawyer" becomes, in its initial chapters, the autobiography of the average American reader. There were progromschiks in other lands, too, absent landlords' eviction crews in Ireland, Bismarck's reporting agents in Kulturkampf days and periodic violators of Polish lands and sovereignty. Substitute corn meal mush or cabbage soup for salt herring and the menu remains equally nourishing.

His later years, crusading years, bring substantially similar memories. Waldman became a socialist after hearing Morris Hillquit say to relatives and friends of the Triangle fire victims, "Unless men can realize that they must live together in harmonious creativeness and in mutual helpfulness they will perish from the face of the earth." He could just as well have become an exponent of Leo XIII's teaching, "It is the Gospel which keeps men within the bounds of moderation and tends to establish harmony among the divergent interests which compose the State." Twenty years later he resigned from the Social Democratic Federation because of "its continued support of the communist dominated American Labor Party."

It would appear that he never really subscribed to socialism's totalitarian philosophy. He was a constant critic of socialists' emphasis on theory and debate rather than on workable programs. He broke with the Trotsky-led group which, during the first World War, held that their young men should not obey the draft law. His protest against the repeal of Section Six of his Party's constitution, the anti-violence clause, was vigorous but ineffective. He dropped politics for a time after his party, following Hillquit's lead, adopted overwhelmingly a resolution to affiliate with the Moscow Comintern, the highest agency of world-socialism and communism. One of the requirements for affiliation was to remove "reformist and centrist elements from all the more or less important posts in the labor movement and replace them with well-tried communists." Waldman, who hated dictatorship as passionately as he loved his fellowmen, was a centrist.

His analysis of labor's part in politics has value today. For the purpose of reaching their professional objectives, all economic, he is for a union-propelled workers' political party. But he suspects some union leaders of the Murray family of being fundamentally "anti-liberal and pro-socialist in the sense that the term is used by left-wing socialists, communists and fellow-travelers." They strive for goals beyond and inimical to those of trade unionism.

His stories of court litigation involving labor men are good modern Thackeray—Thackeray on Foley Square. They flow. There are not enough of them. In a sense, "Labor Lawyer" is a Manhattanite's record of three decades of socialism, rather than of labor's appearances before the judiciary. The author does not hesitate to confuse socialism and the labor cause; proof of the continuity of his earlier impressions, restricted and circumscribed and provincial impressions, in this one instance.

It is an excellent volume, well planned, well indexed, well printed.

JOHN P. BOLAND.

The Inner Forum

Central Verein Meeting

TWO of the oldest Catholic organization in this country met, again in joint session, at St. Paul, Minn., August 19-22. It was the 89th annual meeting for the Catholic Central Verein of America and the 28th for the National Catholic Women's Union. Chief among the resolutions adopted was a comprehensive statement on the peace, based on principles enunciated by Pius XI and Pius XII and presented by Bishop Muench of Fargo, N. D. The Youth Section emphasized the rôle of Catholic young people in the nation's post-war reconstruction. Father Schagemann, C.S.S.R., reported that the parish maternity guild movement had received new impetus. The mission exhibit comprised a large number of the various types of article contributed to missions and charity work by 65 local affiliates in 10 states. The principal address in this connection dealt with the Sioux Indians of South Dakota, represented in person by Miss Eileen Tibbits and Miss Emma Crazy Thunder in tribal ceremonial dress.

Mr. F. P. Kenkel's report on the activities of the Verein's Central Bureau in St. Louis disclosed an extensive program of war activities. One of its chief manifestations was the supplying of chaplains and men in the service with instructive reading matter—rosaries and other religious articles. Despite the Bureau's meager staff, it succeeded during the past year in distributing some 367,221 pieces of literature to camps and ships at sea.

The Verein has also undertaken to supply the thousand chaplains connected with prisoner of war camps in this country with religious articles and recreation material. Among the latter were 35 soccer balls, 55 new or used brass, string or reed musical instruments and a considerable quantity of ruled music paper. Fifty thousand copies of a German prayer book, "Trost im Gebet," have been printed for the prisoners' use. The thousands of books meeting the requirements of the Office of Censorship which were supplied by the Verein included 26 German-English dictionaries.

After the election of officers it was decided to hold the next annual meeting at Newark, N. J. The convention closed with the solemn renewal of baptismal vows and the chanting of Compline by the delegates.

CONTRIBUTORS

James BURNHAM is the author of "The Managerial Revolution" and "The Macchiavellians." He teaches in New York University.

Anne FREEMANTLE is an English writer much interested in mystical problems. She lives in Washington, D. C.

William Franklin SANDS served for many years as a diplomat in the Far East. He has a book on our Pacific diplomacy coming out this fall.

Rev. William R. O'CONNOR teaches at St. Mary's Seminary, Dunwoodie, Yonkers, N. Y.

Rev. John P. BOLAND served for many years as chairman of the New York State Labor Relations Board; he is now pastor of St. Thomas Aquinas Church, Buffalo, N. Y.

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The CATHOLIC ENCYCLOPEDIA DICTIONARY will be available early in September in a new printing, according to an announcement by its publishers, The Gilmary Society.

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Many copies have been placed in the hands of Chaplains in the Army and Navy. One of these in a letter of thanks for a gift copy says: "While I happen to be a Protestant, I'm sure that I can learn a lot from it and many of the men will be able to have some of their problems solved through the use of it."

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Next Week

When an article as timely, informative and authentic as James Burnham's "Stalin and the Junkers" reaches The Commonweal, it throws all other immediate plans for articles out of line. For we want our readers to have this important information as rapidly as possible. In these days of lightning change last-minute substitutions of this type are bound to happen in The Commonweal from time to time.

Next week's issue will feature another fascinating article about Soviet Russia—this time a moving impression of the feelings of the Russian people by Helen Iswolsky. It will also include a discussion of the Congressional approach to the vital problem of industrial reconversion, by Harry Lorin Binsse. Finally there will be a new comment from wartime London by J. L. Benvenisti.

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